Flew. I out of queſtion or doubt,or ambiguities
You muſt byte.
Piſt. Good good.
Flew. I Leekes are good,Antient *Piſtoll.*
There is a ſhilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.
Piſt. Me a ſhilling.
Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue an other Leeke for you.
Piſt. I take thy ſhilling in earneſt of reconing.
Flew. If I owe you any thing,ile pay you in cudgels,
You ſhalbe a woodmonger,
And by cudgels,God bwy you,
Antient *Piſtoll,*God bleſſe you,
And heale your broken pate.
Antient *Piſtoll,*if you ſee Leekes an other time,
Mocke at them,that is all: God bwy you.
Exit Flewellen.

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.
Doth Fortune play the huſwye with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?
Well *France* farwell,newes haue I certainly
That Doll is ſicke. One mally die of *France,*
The warres affordeth nought,home will I trug.
Bawd will I turne,and vſe the ſlyte of hand:
To England will I ſteale,
And there Ile ſteale.
And patches will I get vnto theſe skarres,
And ſweare I gat them in the Galha warres.
Exit Piſtoll.

Enter at one doore,the King of England *and his Lords. And at the other doore,the King of* France, *Queene* Katherine, *the Duke of* Burbon, *and others.*

Harry. Peace to this meeting,wherefore we are met.
And